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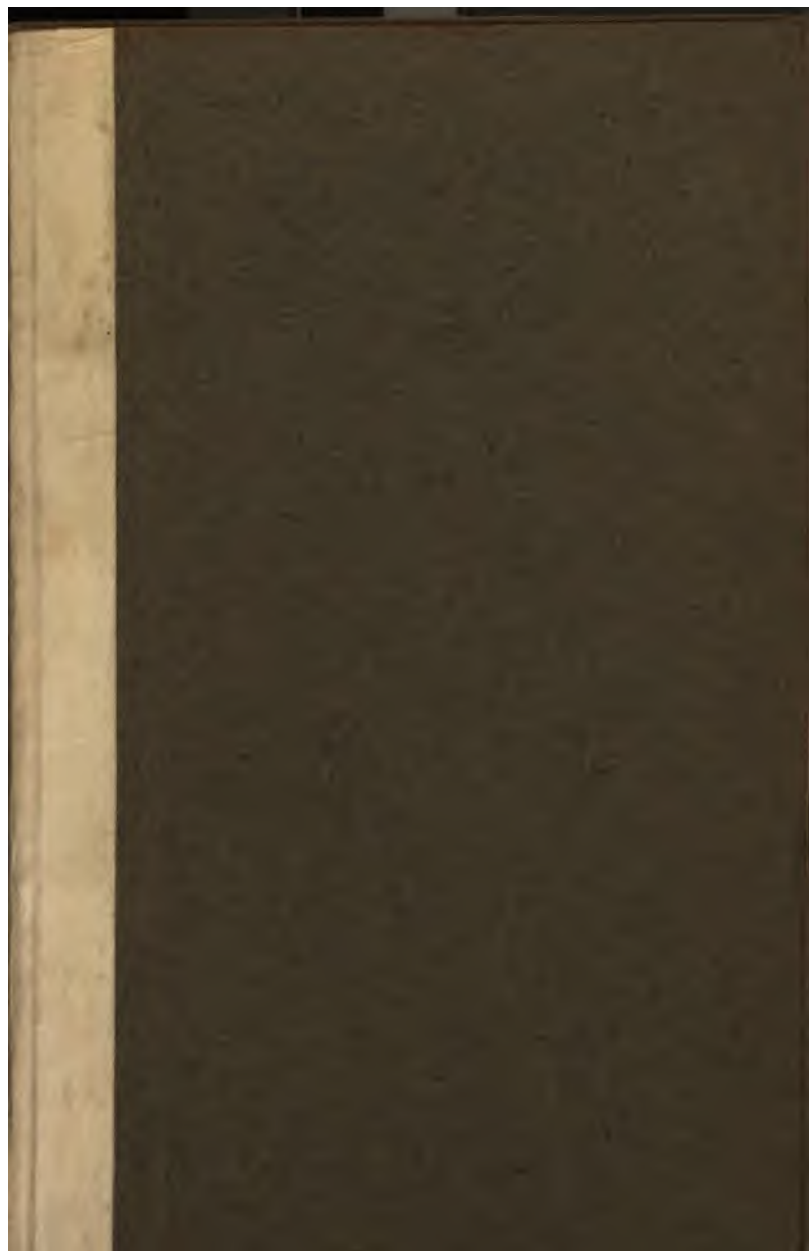
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3025 f . 2



*The Billy Goat and the
Pepper Mine,*

AND SIX OTHER

CORNISH TALES,

VOL. I.

Wend. Snaw, Het, an' tha Porpoise
Pinnaster.

Uncle Nicky Polson.

A Tight Knott. A Quack's Recipe.

A Dark Deed.

Michael Toser, or, an Old Story
in a New Garb.



TRURO:

BECON & WORTH, LEMON STREET.

3025, f. 2.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION

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Being Reminiscences of Cornish Character and Character
illustrative of the Dialect, Peculiarities, &c., &c., of the
Inhabitants of West and North Cornwall.

BY I. T. TREGELLAS

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CORNISH TALES,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Reprinted from "Netherton's Cornish Almanack."



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MICHAEL TOZER, OR, AN OLD STORY IN A NEW GARB.

TBURO:

NETHERTON AND WORTH, LEMON STREET,
1882.

[*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*]



The Billy Goat, and the Pepper Mine.

*Written in the prevailing dialect of the Mining District,
east of St. Austell.*

GOOD hevening to 'ee, Zur—good hevening to 'ee, you'm a Straanyer en these here paarts, I blaw, by yer ways of spaikin' ! Zackly so, Zur, zackly so—iss shure you cudn't 'ave cum'd to a keenlier boddy fur to tell 'ee oal 'bout we “Cousin Jacky's,” as you Lunnoners do caal us ! S'pose you'm a Doctur, maakin' so bould ? How ded I come fur to thenk like that theere ? Why, Zur, ef we be Cousin Jacky's we do kaip our gunnin' eye opun, an' we do know Tin an' no mistaake ! an' I've ben notissin' of 'ee peekin' they yarbs en tha hadges what we poar peepul do taake fur our cowlds an' waik stummicks—organs, an' camels, an' saage, an' sech soart of traade : my ould wumman do maike fine swettin' drenks long weth um en a tay pot, long weth shuggur or trikle.

Aw, my dear! thun you haan't no Doctur arter oal, well, I do ax yer pardin fur tha mistaake.

Tellin' 'bout Docturs, now, I weshed you knawed our Doctur down to Bál, he wor caal'd Doctur Probum, but we caal'd un Doctur Chaarles, oal frenly like a theng, he wor fine an' clevver, shure 'nuff—he cud mooast 'bout breng tha dead to life agen.

Aw, you needn't fur to loff my dear, fur I can tell 'ee more thun *that* what he ded, when wan Dicky Bray faal'd oaf tha ladders down to our mine—'way goes Dicky an' tha ladders some foace, but he petched 'pon a board rite athurt tha shaft, an' aw, my dears! how he ded howl an' screech.

When they took'd un up he wor bluddin' like a stick'd pig, an' he wor fairly gittin' that waik ev'ry minnit he cudn't blaw, nur strik, nur clunk—we thoft fust long he wor cut up to jowds an' lerrups—an' when Doctur Chaarles com'd he look'd 'pon un some whisht I can shure 'ee, and thun he feeld es pulse, an' shuk'd es head—thun he squat un oal ovver to find out wheear he wor hurted, s'pose—thun he com'd ovver to the windur to es mothur, oal stankln' aisy 'pon tha planchin, an' sais he,—

“Un' Tammy (that wor hur naame you mus' knaw) I must put some *blood* into Dicky, here, or he'll soon be gone frum 'ee.”

¹*An abbreviation of Aunt, the usual Compliment paid to elderly women.*

Aw, Zur, you doan't b'leeve he cud do ut, do 'ee? My dear t'wor zackly so, an' no mistaake, an' I can tell 'ee more wunders thun thes, ef you'll harkey a mite more.

Dicky's faythur, he wor caal'd Neddy, com'd hum frum Bâl sum coose when he heerd of es mesfortin, a ravin' an' tearin', an' screachin' like a witneck, an' caalin' out, "Aw, my dear Dicky, aw, my sonny booy, wheear be 'ee?" Well, we maade un clunk some smoothing traade or corgel what Doctur Chaarles gov'd un, an' that broft un to hissself agen oal comforbul, but fine an' whisht f'roal.

Well, as I wor tellin' of 'ee, Doctur Chaarles went foare to the windur to un Tammy, an' kep' on glaazin' out fur a braave spur 'pon the 'ood an' veran' reck en the town plaace, an' we dedn't knaw, f'roall, what he wor studdyin', but, arter a minute, sais he to Neddy, (that's es faythur you knaw) sais he—"Ned, 'ave 'ee a yaw,² or a yaffur³ 'pon tha plaace?"

Neddy look'd up glaazin' 'pon the Doctur, thenkin' as how he wor turned a mite aisy long weth oal es book larniu', but he kep' es thofts to hissself, s'pose, cause he dedn't spaik out haard fur nobody to hear, an' sais he,—

"Noa, Doctur, we aant, but we've a got a braave lifely ould *he* GOATE! Ded 'ee wesh fur we to kell un, fur to maaake beef brath fur tha poor booy?"

¹ Fern.

² Ewe.

³ Heiler.

"Noa, noa, you gaate ould dunder'ead, you," sais Doctur Chaares, oal taisy ways—"ef we waanted *Dunkey* brath we wud kill *you*, an' stew 'ee down!"

Unkel Neddy dedn't look best plased to be caal'd a *higgut*,¹ as you may s'pose, but oal he said wor,—

"Do 'ee waan't som mait then, Doctur, for the booy? Awnly say the wurd, Zur, an' I'll go miles an' miles fur to fatch ut, es, or craim an' trikle, ef you plase."

"Noa. Ned, noa, my man," sais Doctur Chaares, oal taalkin' saft an' aisy ways—"I do waant *blood*, not mait!"

"Aw, my!" sais Neddy, trembling like a apsen leaf, "aw, my dear Doctur, es ut blood you do waant?"

"Ess, Ned, yer poar booy es gittin' that waik we mus' do summat to put life ento un, an' that to wance—fatch up tha GOATE, Neddy, an' be fur life 'bout ut!"

Well! 'way goes Ned ovver the chaamber planchin' an' down stears, saft as Granny's cat gain ovver the helling stooans. Now, I baan't zackly shure, but I do rekkon that Neddy Bray, who wor but a haalf-saaved soart of a chap, sot gaate valley 'pon thes ould Billy Goate—he adn't got but thes waun you mus' ondurstan', an' the ould buffiehead kep un for yaars and yaars, an' ev'ry faisten time when oal the nabors wor *'avin' theer kid pies and paastys*, Neddy wud

¹ Idiot.

² A wood floor.

scratch hes head an' zay,—“Drat ut oal, I waant keep thecky ould Billy Goate no longer, I waan't, oal tha nabors 'ave got theear kids fur to ait an' theear kids fur to sill, an' I caan't git none frum thes ould beggar—theear's sum misment somewheear en ut, an' no mistaake!”—but aw, my dear, heere I be gain afoor my tale, bean't I? Now, what es theear to loff at, Zur, en that? semmin' to me, 'tes too whisht fur to loff an' grezzel 'bout.

But never mind, here I goes agen! Well, Neddy dedn't seem zackly shure what a wor 'bout, but f'roall he run'd out through the backlet sum coose, an' 'way arter tha ould Billy Goate, up an' down, an' en an' out, en a propur stewer—fur jest as Neddy wud cum 'pon un, 'way wud go Billy agen, tossing up es heels, an' es head, Neddy arter un ento the tatie plat, an' down the rattlin field, an' furdur an' 'furdur, 'tell arter 'bout haalf hour ould Ned catched un by the beard an' dragged un ento tha housen, opsettin' a putcher, an' cloam paddick, an' oal tha time Neddy kep' on askin' hisself, “whatever do Doctur Chaarles waant weth thes onnater'l an' ongraatful ould baaste, what 'ave never gov'd us a kid to maake a tatie paasty en oal thease years—Doctur said he wor gain to maake a *confushun of blood*! Aw, my dear, 'tes nothin' but *confushun* semmin' to me!”

Un Tammy, Dicky's mothur, wor lookin' out of the *chaamber* windur, an' when she seed ould Billy broft

en she maade maanings to Doctur Chaarles, an' he towld hur to go down steears an' tell un to slock the ould Goate up ento tha chaamber so queck as possabul. Aw, my dear, 'tworn't aisy fur to *slock* thicky ould fella, fur he had got sum gashly stubborn ways long weth un, but come to, laast of oal, Uncle Ned got un up, an' sais he, puffin' an' paantin', and glaazin',—

“Here he be Doctur, tha ould bouldachious ould scamp, an' a purty jaalin' he've a gov'd me, a pewer shaape I be en I rekkon! he edn't like no daicent Goate that evver I seed, I'd sell un fur fower shellen ef I cud fang um, fur we doan't never 'ave no kid frum un frum wan year to nother.”

“Howld yer paace, an' stap yer praatin', do 'ee,” sais Doctur Chaarles, oal grumpshus like—“Com'st here an' tend to me to waunce.”

“'Pon that he towld me to fatch foath a bason, or tay dish, or summut, an' to hould ut steddy fur un—then he tuck'd out es insterments frum es pockut an' maade a gaate ould gash en Billy's side, an' out comes tha blood sum coose ento tha tay dish. Nex' he took a squert an' cut a hoal en Dicky's shoulder, an' foach'd en tha blood weth tha squert pump, sum jerrick. Aw, my dear, I shaan't never git ovver thenkin' 'pon that “confushion” job of Doctur Chaarles, I shall mind ut so long as I do lev, ess, an' longer to.

“Ded Dicky git ovver ut?” you do waant to knaw, *Zur! Ess, 'tes zackly* so, you'm like our wummen,

allus awantin' to know tha tail end of a story afoar you'm en tha middal ! wait a bit, Zur, an' I'll tell oal 'bout ut clane oaf.

Well, you mus' know that Dicky had ben lyin' weth hes eyes hum, oal so thurl, an' so whisht, an' fairly gittin' thinder an' thinder, like a ould sexpence, an' so white as a maily tatie when he's biled wethout es jakkut—but, soas, Doctur Chaarles kep' on keepin' on, squirtin' en Billy's blood, an' oal on us kep' on glaazin' 'pon Dicky, an' thenkin' whatever wud be done nex'. Well, you—fust long he opun'd waun eye an' wenk'd 'pon 'ee, an' thun t'othur eye, an' wenk'd 'pon 'ee, an' artur a braavish spur theear com'd a mite of color en es faace, an' then artur a bit he got rud oal ovver like a piney flower en ower gaarden, an' 'neezed out haard like a new born'd babby do to cleer es head, so tha wummen folkes do zay. Well, you, Doctur Chaarles kep' on squertin' en an' deppin' up from tha tay dish, when, my dear haart a life ! oal of a suddent Dicky begin'd fur to waggel es head 'pon tha pella frum zide to zide zackly as ef he wor onaisy ways, an' then, my dear, he up an' toare out of bed—thrawed the cloase 'pon the plaanchin' an' wor so maazed as a shaip, an' faal'd to buttin' rite an' lef' like Billy hisself; fust long he run'd rite agen es mothur, an' she faal'd 'way orful en sterrics, some whisht to look 'pon 'twor, an' then he butted Doctur Chaarles right en tha stummick, an' fairly made un

guggel—moast quenched un he ded, he run'd gen un weth sich foace—Doctur wor' 'bliged to hould hisselt some tight, an' kep' on groanun fur a braave spur—aw, t'wor a whisht plaace to be en I can shure 'ee. My hear ded fairly stan' rite up 'pon my head like tha hear 'pon the back of a hadgaboar, I wor that frightened. Next, Dicky butted gen the lattiss windur, an' 'way goes the glass, brok'd up to shivvereens—'pon that he turns 'pon es fayther, an' poar ould Neddy, he adn't got no sprawl lef' en un, he wor that maazed, so down he goes dead as a rabbet 'pon tha chaamber floar, an' kep' caalin' out to Doctur Chaarles, who wor houlden' es stummick—"Aw Doctur, Doctur, 'tes tha *blood!* 'tes tha *blood!* 'tes that onnaterl ould varmint's *blood* 'ave a turn'd the dear booy maazed!"

"Zackly so, zackly so, iss shure! Shudn't wonder!" Thes wor oal that Doctur Chaarles cud find mouth-speech fur, he wor en that desmal quandary.

Well, Zur, oal thes time Dicky wor strammin' an' tearin' roun' the chaamber, buttin' agen the coortins an' maaking the doust an' pillum fly 'nuff to chuck ennyboddy, scattin' the cloam, an' maakin' thengs en a desmal shaape—splettin' an' splutterin' like a roastin' appul when he do scat es sides weth tha het—when oal to waance he thrawed hesselt right ovver tha *steears*, an' 'way he goes 'cross tha backlet, an' ovver *tha cummons*, ento a fuz croft, an' theear he kep'

buttin' es head agen tha pooks of turve, an' vearns, an' scattin' um oal to jowds.

"Cudn't we catch un?" ded 'ee zay my dear? Catch un? zackly so! ef *you* cud 'ave catched un, I shud braavely like to 'ave ben theear to 'ave zeed 'ee do ut, fur he wor mooast like a Liont fur foace.

Well, we glaazed 'pon un sum spur, an' theere he wor goin' roun' an' roun' like a whom hoss, 'tell oal to waance he toare up to a gaate ould zand burrow, an' stud 'pon tha top of un for a mite as ef he wor thenkin', thun, plase shure ef he dedn't thraw hesself right ento a gaate ould pool of clay an' mucky traade; an' aw, my dear! we never seed un no moare—no moare from that day to thes.

Peepul do zay he be theere now, but that I caan't noways zackly zay, p'raps 'tes so, an' p'raps tedn't, or p'raps 'tes es sperret ef tedn't he hisself, fur they do zay theear be a gaate ould black Goate weth a beard haalf yeard long, seed 'pon dark nights 'pon the top of the zand burraw.

What do 'ee zay, Zur? "Es it true?"

True! ess my dear, an' no mistaake, true as tha Tessament! I wudn't 'ave towld 'ee 'bout ut awnly knawing you be com'd down here fur to peck up enflamation 'pon thengs en generl! Aw, no thenks edn't waanted my dear—I be plased long weth yer cump'ny, an' I dersay you be plased long weth minse. *I shud like fur to ax 'ee en oal hospital like, an' to*

shaw 'ee a bit of contenshun ovver a desh of tay, or a drap of kettelly brath, but I mus' tell 'ee tha truth, —my ould wumman es gashly tempur'd 'pon times!

"Never mind," do you zay, my dear.

Darn 'ee, ess I *do* mind, an' no mistaake, an' I've a weshed scoars an' scoars of times I'd never pinned mysel' to Marget—but, you, 'tes done—an' tes a knat what caan't be ondun, semmin' to me! Massy me! when I do thenk 'pon ut oal! She wor that comforbul an' so swait as shuggur when we wor coortin'—why, my dear, I thoft sometimes I cud fearly ait hur up, she wor that good! Aw, dear! dear! I awnly weshed I had shure 'nuff!

"Where we coortin' fur long," you do waant to know? Well, I doan't zackly see what a furriner like you do waant to know oal teckalars 'bout our affears wethout you be gain to put ut en a book, or 'pon a noospaaper down to Truraw: howsumdever, I don't mind tellin' of 'ee. Ess, you, we wor coortin' braave nigh 'pon leibun munths, she wor caal'd Marget Pye, an' my cumraades, fur joak, caal'd hur Magpie 'cause they said she had sech a graan' way of wiggling hur cloase 'pon Zundays an' Tay drenks, when she wor sot out en hur best thengs. Aw, my dears! theree's nort 'bout hur now like a Maggotty-pie, 'ceps 'tes hur gashly ould tongue, which she do wiggle sum coose, *like tha* pendelaw of a clock.

"Pity I shud 'ave married," do 'ee zay, Zur ? Why, you see, my dear, 'twor like thes here, I wor a wedow-man when I wor nigh 'pon thurty, weth fowr smaal cheldurn, an' semmin' to me, wedow man, or wedow wumman othur, 'tes mooast 'bout like waalkin' 'pon the hadge of a soard, waun musn't look to rite nur to lef', an' Marget wor that naborly en waarmin' up my denner paastys, an' maakin' a desh of tay ento 'Count House, 'pon times, an' wor so full of fun, an' jokeshus ways, that we soon cum'd fur to kaip cumpany together, an' *now* we be tied, as the sayin' es, fur better fur wuss—an' I rekkon the *wuss* es the soart I do git mooast on.

Lor massy ! why tedn't many years sence we wor youngsters playin' oaf our joaks an' praanks.

"Cud I tell 'ee any of um," you do waant to know ? Why, ess, I s'poase I cud arter I've a had a mite of baccy, jest a titch pipe as we do caal ut. Now, Zur, ef you be ready I will tell 'ee a good ould tale 'bout a

Peppur Mine.

Well ! waun day, Doctur Chaarles Probum (that's he what I've ben tellin' 'ee 'bout "confussin" the blood ento Dicky) com'd ovver to Black Peppur Mine wheear I ded work tha Ingun. Sais he, "Jonas, my man, I be gain 'way fur a bit of a chaange of heer,

an' a Lunnoner es comin' down fur to look arter 'ee oal when I be gone, now doan't 'ee be too shaarp 'pon un —behaave yerselfs like good booy's, an' doan't 'ee caal un up out of es bed more nur you can help, fur he es awnly a waikly soart of young man, an' not up to yer rough ways as I be."

Well! fust day he com'd up to Wheal Black Peppur, we seed to waunce what soart of a chap he wor, weth hes reings, an' es chanes, an' pins, an' es dandy "Par Stack," an' es boots; aw, my dear! you'd 'ave thoft he wor gain 'pon tha theaytur staage, or to some daancin' paarty, they wor that ladyfied, why, a braave ould shower of rane wud 'ave wash'd 'way he, an' es boots, too! Soon as ever our Marget seed un, she wor up to fun to waunce, an' caals me ento 'Count house, an' sais she: "Thecky ould saft 'ead, what Doctur Chaa'les have send ovver here 'ave ben 'quiring oal 'bout tha naame of thes mine, an' thoft I wor tellin' of un lies, when I towld un 'twor caal'd Black Peppur; I b'leeve he do thenk 'tes a Peppur Mine shure 'nuff, you! Do'ee kaip up the fun an' joak, Jonus, an' lev us have a jeer ovver un; what zay, my dear?" sais she, oal coaxey ways, you know.

"Zackly so, my dear," sais I, "I'm yer man, awnly you kaip yer peppur dradge handy bye 'pon the taable, an' full un well up weth peppur, an' we'll 'ave sum gaame ovver un my dear!"

Thun I look'd out an' seed un comin' roun' the

corndur of Ingun house, 'pon the tips of es toes, weth a bit of roun' glass sticked en es eye fur to kaip out the dust, s'pose, so I goes up to un an' sais, sais I—
“Axin' yer pardin', Zur, wud 'ee like to look roun' a bit, or to ax any questuns 'bout thes heer mine?”
Iss, Zur, you'm rite, 'tes the awnly Black Peppur Mine I do know of.

“Ded I say Black Peppur?” Iss, shure, I ded zay so! I bean't supprised, yer honer, 'bout yer not 'avin' heerd tell of ut afoar, I dessay theear be many thengs you *do* know, an' many thengs what you *doan't* know, a braave big book they wud maake oal togethur! Now, Zur, I b'leeve theear never wor any Black Peppur Mine but thes waun, never heerd of no othur.
“Do we turn out a lot of ut?” Aw, bless 'ee, tummels an' tummels of ut, my dear! Iss, 'tes zackly like that! So you've heerd tell up to Lunnon that peppur es cheaper 'pon count of our mine here! Aw, “you thoft 'twor broft frum furrin' paarts!” So 'twor, my dear, tell thes here mine wor descuverd by the smill what used fur to rise frum the groun' en hot wethur aftur a shower! Now, Zur, we be comin' nigh they grate ould piles of black traade ovver theear, do 'ee see um, my dear? Iss, ovver theear! “Es ut Black Peppur” do 'ee ax? Zackly so, my dear! artur a spur you'll smill ut fur yersel' wethout any axin'—now hould yer ankerchur afoar yer noz, my dear, or you'll sneezy sum coose, I can shure 'ee.

'Pon that, way goes I a mite to the back of un, an' out weth Marget's peppur dradge, an' peppured 'way braave, an' when he took'd 'way es ankerchur fur to spaik, (oal smiling so purty ut wor of some Doctur's traade what they do gov to the gentry folkes) my dears, how he ded snezzy, an' no mistaake, an' theear wor Marget en 'Count house doorway spletting hur zides weth loffin', an' I 'neezing too, sum coose, fur to git blind zide of Doctur—"Strong es ut?"—Iss, my dear! we doan't want no peppur here weth our tatie paastys, what do work en thes mine! Nex' I waalked un roun' an' roun', peppurin' 'way ovver es shoulder 'pon times fur to kaip up tha smill braavish. Arter a minnut he said out oal so whisht an' waik-voiced, weth tha gaate ould draps runnin' ovver es faace:—

"Thenk'ee, my friend"—tishum—"but I thenk"—tishum—"I thenk I've seed!"—tishum—" 'nuff for tha day!"—tishum! tishum! "Aw dear! aw dear!"—tishum.

"Aw, Zur," said I, fearly busting, "you'll git manured to tha smill arter a bit—like our Doctur Chaarles tould my wumman when our fust booy Jacky wor born'd—never mind Messus Jonus! never mind! you'll soon git manured to ut"—fine joakshus man he wor.

I kipt on taalkin' 'way, oal so pleasant, an' peppurin' *un behind* some coose; laast of oal tha ould chap *culdn't staand* ut no longur, so sais he,—

"Heere's a shellin' fur 'ee my man fur yer trubbel, an' fur the enflamation you've a gov'd me," an' then he axed me fur to get es hoss.

Marget an' me look'd arter un down the laane, an' heerd un sneezing 'way like lettell claps of thunder tell he wor out of sight.

Aw! how Doctur Chaarles ded loff when we towld un of the joak!

"Ded he find faut weth us?" Not he, my dear, never said a word ceps—"Bad booy, bad booy, to play of sech joaks 'pon a straanyer"—but lor, he dedn't mind ut!

It wor jest arter that lettell joak that I mit weth a mesfortin' an' squat the middel fenger of my click hand weth a gaate ould stoane—ut com'd to what Doctur Chaarles ded caal a "*confoosed*" wound, an' aw, my dear! dedn't the preperashun run ovver my faace weth the pane—so I went ovver to Sergury waun day fur summut for aisement of ut 'an Doctur wor that frenly an' comforbul long weth me, an' sais he—"Comest out Jonus an' see a new ringing macheen I've had sent down from Lunnon!" "A ringing macheen, Zur!" says I, "that's fur to saave the maids gain to doar I s'poase!"

"Git along, you duffer," sais he, "'tes nort to do weth bells, 'tes fur tha clooas!"

"Aw, my dear," sais I, when I seed ut, "now ef

that esn't a fine handy lettet tool fur to squat the graavy out of they clooas!"

Aw! how *he* ded loff!

But 'tes time fur me to git to work, Zur, so I mus' zay good bye to 'ee, an' thank 'ee fur yer cump'ny, an' ef you be en these pearts nex' week I do hop' we shall mit agen.

A Quack's Recipe.

A Doctor of the name of "Brown,"
Resided in a Cornish Town,
And drove a thriving trade upon
The simpleness of other men !
 An affix to his name he had
 The mystic letters M. and D.,
(Yet as the world goes now, not bad !
A ten-pound note from Germany !)
And well he plied with pills and potion
To folks bucolic, who've a notion
 That all their ills
 Are cured by Pills
Combin'd with ointment, *traade*, and lotion !

It happen'd on a Summer's day
When mud-larks tun'd their native lay—
When merry jousts drove along
And woke the echoes with their song—
A woman hasted down the road
That led to Doctor B's abode :

Her mien was sad, her step was quick,
A seeming termagant was she :
A creature to deserve a stick,
Or "beating like a walnut tree" !
Anon she rang the Doctor's bell
With peals that sounded terrible,
That made his quack-ship stand aghast
And hasten to the door full-fast,
She entered, like a shade of woe
And spoke in accents strange and low.
"Good marnin," Doctor Brown, my dear,
I feels uncommon whisht and queer,
Sumtimes I coff tell oal es blue
(A propur deep Churchyardur, you !)
An naybors they do pitch to loffin',
And say, "coff out," will soon be "Coffin" !
The Doctor listen'd for awhile
Then said with supercilious smile !
"I see precisely how you are—
A simple case—requiring care—
A marvellous receipt have I
For curing your calamity ;
I had it from a man of note,
A never-failing antidote !"
He said : and straightway sat him down,
And wrote prescription—à la Brown—
"Syrup of Ram Cath,* a quart,

* *Syrup of Ram Cath*, medical name for Syrup of Buckthorn.

Mixt with water, purest sort."
He folded the prescription double,
And took a sovereign for his trouble.
The woman *then* was lighter-hearted,
And gladly to her home departed.
Once there, she read the strange receipt,
And lo! what words her "optics" greet!
A ray of anger flushed her face,
And off she hied at swiftest pace,
To see the Doctor (so she said),
And "braavely rate the Drozenhead"!
Now ere she reach'd the Doctor's door,
Her anger had increased the more;
She rang the bell with mickle din—
The smiling Doctor let her in,
And smirking, said: what? come again?
Can't you the medicine obtain?"
Her anger now burst all its bounds,
And thus she spake with hideous sounds:
"Thee gashly fool, thee bufflehead,
Dost think that I cud clunk sich trade;
'SERRUP OF RAM CATS,' indeed;
No haythun that I ever seed
Wud clunk sich serrup
You fullish lerrrup!
I be a Christun, ess I be,
Noan of yer 'Serrup of Ram Cats for me' t

Wend, Snaw, Het, an' tha Porposs Plaaster.

As described in a letter by Herclus Polsu.

Dear Sir,

I have took'd up your buck what you caal a Almanac for years, an' what I do waant moost I caan't find, nor nevur cud, an' that es—what weather et *will* be. I do see in tha noospaper what tha weather *was*, but that es no use, as I knaw'd that, an' so do ev'ryboddy, so well as they. I s'pose you tounasers doan't knaw, how shud 'ee, an' that es why I have wroft 'ee, for I *do* knaw, an' I will tell 'ee how I do knaw.

Now, I do lev 'tween Perranpoth (leastways 'tes Perranzands) an' Cubert, I do, an' a gashly whisht ould plaace 'tes, shure nuff, for me an' my 'umman do lev cal loansum by ouerselfs, no housen ni we for moar nur a mile, nort but gaate ould sand burrows, an' when the wend do blaw from the say, an' theer's a hurrycain, *it do blaw shure nuff*, an' no mestaak, an' my ould

'umman ef she dedn't hould faast tha tuf rick or tha cow, she wud be blaw'd 'way, es she wud; an' tha hale an' tha snaw do moost berry we sometimes. Aw, my dear, 'tes fine an' whist et es, an' when it do froose 'tes wusser stell.

Waun ebening tha wend blaw'd so that Graace (that es my wife's naame, an' seemin' to me Graace es as purty a naame as any, an' a Bible naame too) said, says she, "Herclus, I seed the ruff moove," an' so et ded, an' tha pigs housen wor blaw'd to shrouds, an' so wor tha vuz ric, an' tha linney, an' tha staable; an' tha rabuts on tha warring wor blawed out of their hawls, an' wor flyin' 'bout like fethers; so said I to Graace, "Git tha Rope," this wor a ould wem rope I boft ovvur to Well Budnic when she knack'd, an' wen she broft un I said, "You go behind tha 'ouse an' catch wann end an' tie un to what thee cust find, an' I wull tie tha tother end," an' so she ded.

Well, my dear, when we done ut we wor bleegeed to crawl in doors, for we cudden staand, an' then we heerd tha 'ouse move, an' Graace got in tha hood koorner, an' I got onder tha taable. Well, I tied my paart of tha rope to tha postes of tha gaarn gaate, but what my old 'umman tied un too I deddan' know. At laast I heerd a grone, an' et farely went droo me, es et ded, my dear; fust long we thoft 'twor sperets trubbelled weth tha wend; an' I caaled out, "Whatever es ut, Graacey?" "Aw, Harclus! I doan't know! see

she, "we shall be properly stuffeld ef we do stop here, what shall us do?" "Say thy prayers, an' hould thy jaw!" ses I, an' so she ded to waunce! Then we heerd 'nothur of the awfulest grones, an' then tha wend (not tha wend of tha *sperrets* but tha wend of the *helenaens*) got a mite aisier, an' we got out to see what wor done.

Tha fust thing I seed wor tha 2 postes lying flat on the eerth, an' then I heerd tha ould 'umman schreekin', "Herclus! Herclus! aw, my dear cheeld, come here, come here!" an' when I goft to har I thoft I shad fainty, for she 'ad put tha rope round tha ould maare's neck, an' when tha ruff wor lefted she wor chucked, an' dead—is she wor; that wor tha wishedst theng of oal, an' I gove vorty shillin' for ur hup to Zummer-court feer awnly 3 munths gone. Well, Graace an' me shuv'd straw an' traade in tha hawls tha wend an' tha varmen ded maake in tha datch of tha ruff, an' tha klobb walls, an' then we went to bed, for we wor mooast daazed an' tierd we wor, sure 'nuff.

When we waaked in the mornen' I tryed to spaik, an' cuden, an' I cuden move, nother cud Graace, for tha snaw coom'd droo tha ruff an' tha hawls we dedn't see, an' et mooast cover'd we up, et ded; et must 'ave froozed for, aw! my dear, we wor froozed together—iss we wor.

Tell 'bout husban' an' wife being wan, we was *wan* then, an' no mistaake, my dear, jus' a mite cloaser *then* wor 'greebul semmin' to me, an' we shud be

together tell now, s'poas, like they furrin "S'amese twens" what they do shaw en to Whitsun feer day at Truraw, an' ef so be a Tallyman 'adn't a caal'd for to be paid es staalment for the 2 hounses of tay what Graace ded 'ave of un wan time. Well, that there day a speshul providens must 'ave sent un, for he caal'd an' caal'd, but we cud only groane; at laast he heer'd us, an' then he cum'd up, an' when he seed what it wor he went down steers an' ketched tha fire, for Graace all'ays put in tha traade 'fore she do go to bed, as oal threfty wemmin' oft for to do, an' when tha waater wor biling he broft et up an' soused et ovvur us, an' aafter a bit we wor paarted an' cum'd ento two peeces agen, an' we wor man an' wife wance mooar steed of "S'amese twens."

Well, my dear Sur, I got up aafter a bit, but Graace wor so waik she cuden', an' I cud awnly crawl down steers to git some mait an' tay for Graace, for we wor frooze for ni 'pon a week, an' we wor starvin'. But, aw, my dear, norra bit of mait nor bread, nor tay, cud I find, for tha rats an' things ben an' ait ut all, an' what to do I dedn' knaw. At laast I seed a crock 'pon tha brandiss, an' when I tucked up tha cuver 'twor smillin' nice sure 'nuff, an' I begin'd for to ait ut, but et wor tuff as old rope, an' when I cudden ait no more I took some up to Graace, but, aw! my dear, she got in such a por; I shall never forgit it; she wor too waik to holler, but she cried sure 'nuff, an' said,

"What hast a done? What hast a done? theest ben an' ait my stays I put to soakey before I wor froozed;" an' sure 'nuff et wor so, for, massy me, I pulled two or three tags out of my teeth!

Well, soas, in tha summer 'tes so hot as 'tes cowl'd in tha wenter. Aw! we are rooasted a mooast, an' we do slaip 'pon kabage laives put 'pon tha planchin. Waun day 'twor so hot that when I went to mait tha pig, what we wor feedin' to kill, I cud awnly find tha skin an' boanes of un, all tha rest wor milted wa tha het; so you see I must knaw 'nuff 'bout the helaments to knaw how 'twell be, an' that es tha way I've wrot tha 'count for next year.

I wud a broft et to 'ee myself, but I've ben very bad, an' I baan't well now, an' I got bad like thes here—I went to market to sill some wuts an' baerly, an' I went in a shop what do sill doctors' traade, for a penard of saalts, 'caase I had pain in me side.

"Penard a saalts; do 'ee sill ut?" sed I.

"Iss," said tha gen'leman, for he wor drist like waun, an' had hes Sunday clooas on.

Well, while he wor maaking et up very graand like, he look'd 'pon me an' said, ses he, weth a boo; "Any uther hartikul, Sur?"

"Noa, that will cure tha pain in ma side, fur my ould 'umman sed 'tes awnly wend."

"Wend!" sed he, "what es wuss, an' saalts waan't *do ut, you shud* haave a Porposs Plaaster, wan of

thase," says he, shawing me somefin, "they are for drawen wend out of peeples, an' will maake 'ee well."

"What do 'ee chaarge for un?" said I. "Thurten-pens hapny," sed he.

"I will give tha a shellin' for un," ses I.

"I caant," sed he, "'tes a Guv'ment hartikel, an' they awnly give me a hapny for sillin' 'em."

Well, I boft un, for he wor too much of a gen'leman to look 'pon, to tell a lie.

Aafter I'd ben in a nuther shop for a nounce of good tay for Graace, for what she do buy of tha Tally men es waik traade, I went hom, an' when Graace an' I had some supper we went to bed. When I wor in bed I sed, "Graace, put on tha Plaaster," an' she ded, an' I went to slaip, for I wor tierd, I wor.

Well, what time I waaked I doant know, for 'twas daark, but tha pain I wor in wor orful.

"What es tha matter weth 'ee?" sed Graace, "thee'st ben riglin' like a hangedetch for tha laast hour." "I am dying," sed I. "Hould thy tongue," sed she, an' then I screech'd, an' she screech'd too, for I wor diggen my nails in har flesh.

"Pull un off, pull off tha Porposs," said I, "I shall die; pull en off for marcy saake! Aw, what shall I do?"

Well, Graace goft out of bed an' tryed to pull un off, but she cudden. "Taake tha pinchers," sed I, "an' hale away for life, else I shall be a dead man."

Aw, my dear, what I ded suffer, no body but me can tell, when she puled en off weth all har stringth, an' she tumbled back 'pon tha planchen, plaaster pinchers, an' all; an' then I dedn't knaw nawthen no more, for I faint'd 'way in two plaaces to waunce.

When I got 'bout, Graace wor strapin' up tha plaace, an' she sed, "Herclus, thee must lie quiet, thee must, 'till I do git tha doctor." Well, at laast tha doctor cumed, an' he look'd 'pon me an' sed, "Well, how arry, hay?" "Dead," sed I. "Nonsens," sed he, "What es ut?" "I caan't spaik, I got no wend," sed I, "ax Graace."

Well, Graace tould un all 'bout ut, an' how tha Porposs Plaaster wud draw out tha wend an' so foath. "Lev me see tha Plaaster" sed tha doctor, an' Graace sed, "here a es."

"Dear, dear," sed he, "why 'tes a mestry thee art livin'; why, ef thee had kipt un on ten minits longer he wud a draw'd all tha hinsides out, boanes, an' levver, an' all; why, my dear man, here es more nor a poun'-an'-hafe of flesh, an' two rebs, sticked to tha Plaaster! Graace, lev me see tha plaace to waunce." So Graace pull'd down tha clooas, an' tha doctor an' she took out tha end of tha pellow what she put in to stop tha blood an' wend from coming out.

"Give me a clath an' a niddle an' thread," said tha doctor. "I haan't got no thread, will wusterd do?"

sed Graace. "Iss," sed he, "but maake haaste, my dear 'umman, 'tes life or death."

Well, a threaded tha stocken' niddle wa tha wusterd, an' then he begin'd for to saw hum tha flesh, an' said he, "Graace, git tha billees an' blaw in thare," so she ded, an' as tha wend wor blawed in tha hol I begin'd for to tingle all ovver like when your arms an' legs do go to slaip. At laast he sed, "That will do Graace, he got wend 'nuff in un agen now, git me some bandages." "I haan't got none nor nawthen to maake 'em weth," said Graace. "Tear up thy sheft," said he, an' so she ded, an' then he gov me some traade to clunkey, an' then I went to slaip in a menit.

When I waak'd, Graace tould me I'd ben slaipin' nigh 'pon 24 hours, an' tha doctor wud be thar d'ree'ly, an' so a wor, an' a look'd at tha wound an' sed 'twor gittin' on braave, an' that I must lie quiet for two more days, an' he wud cum agen, an' so a ded, an' then a sed "You are better now, an' you may git up to-morra', but do nawthen, an' you must have plenty of mait, an' baacon, an' beer, an' wine, if thee cust 'ford it, an' no ould slops mind, like pop, an' lemonade, an' gruel, to ait, for that's no good 'tol only for they what doan't know how to maake rite use of God's blessings. An' now I will tell tha' thee wort a fool for to buy sich things, an' tha fella what sould et es a rogue an' a naave, an' oft to be hang'd for reskin' a man's life for tha sake of a hapny profit, as he said."

"Why, my dear man, they Porposs Plaasters, as thee do caal 'em, es for drawen railrud trucs, an' kibbles, an' tember wogons, an' caarts, an' not wend, 'toal. Tha next time thee'st do go to town don't be laid 'way by fine clooas, nor pius taalk, nor pius looks, ef thee wudn't be took in agen, and only have what you ax for." I sed I wudden, but when I went to town agen I wud buy 'nother of they Drawen Plaasters to put on to the caart to draw un, as tha ould maare wor dead, but I wud go to 'nothur shop for un.

As my head es splettling I must stop.

Yourn to Kummand,

HERCLUS POLSU.

Not A. Benny.

When I wor up steears waun of tha locals waanted to discoose an' pray, an' read Bunyan's Pelgrem's Praw-gress to me, but Graace wudden lev un to, she nawed wot he wor; an' she said he awnly waanted some of tha mait an' traade what I boft for 'ee. When I cum'd down he seed me, an' sed, ses he, "Herclus, I am glad to see thee down 'gain, I hop thee art thenkfull for tha marcys shawed tha." "What's that to thee," says I. "You are a wicket man, an' a great sinner, an' I am come to pray weth tha," sed he. I sed, "So art thee." "*You are a liard,*" sed he, "an' don't knaw nawthen, *thee doesn't.*" "I do knaw more nor thee, you buffle-

head," says I. "Thee dosn't know tha hawthur of tha buck thee broft for me to read, thee dosn't." "Thee art a liard agen," sed he, "'tes Punshon." "No sich theng," sed I, "'tes Maaster Spurjon." "I'll bet tha a shellen," ses he; "dun," ses I. So Graacy got tha money, an' we have 'greed to lev ut to you, an' tha shellen wat es lost es to be spented out in a band of moosic to play tha Rogue's March to tha thief what sould me tha PORPOSS PLAASTER!

Auncle Hickey Polsue, or, The Ould Scholard.

Come, soas, set down a croom of time,
An' I will tell 'ee oal en rhyme,
About ould Uncle Neck Polsue,
An' ev'ry word my dear es true ;
Fur I do never spaik a lie,
Unless I summut gain theereby.

Now Uncle Neck wor fine an' ould,
His dree scoore 'ears an' ten wor towld ;
No scholard he, for dedn't know
Gaate " A " frum little " a," I blaw.
Waun day I axed un, bless yer soul,
Ef he knawed mathematics 'toal,—
" Matthey," says he, " I never seed,
" But hes booy Jan (a bitter weed)
" Ded marry my wife's brother's maid,—
" The wust day's work she ever ded !"
Frum sech like aanswers we do see
A country man's semplecity :

But Mal, hes missus, I've heerd say,
Was zackly so the tother way ;
A scholard she, an' no mistaake,
No crack-jaw word she cudn't spaik,
An' writin' of oal sooarts she'd tell,
An' what she cudn't raid, she'd spell ;
An' as fur riddles an' that guff,
She wor a clain off hand, sure 'nough !
Waun day I heer'd her ax my wife
How many bains would maake up five :
"Aw, Mal," says she, "I doan't knaw,
"But *five* es somewhere near, I blaw :"
"Goest on, thee dunderhead !" says she,

"Waun an' another,
Two an' a tother,

That's the aanswer, dussna see ?"
Weth sech a larnèd wife as thes,
Ould Neck had very little bliss ;
An' Neck, like many other men,
Weshed he wor widder man agen.

Now to my tale. It happt waun day,
As Neck was comin' hum frum pay,
He seed beside the thumb-hand hadge,
A black portmantle en the sadge,
The which he pecked up en a crack,
An' queckly thraved athurt hes back,
An' haasted hum a purty raate,

An' shut in through the backlet gaate :
"Heere, Mally, see, I've ben an' foun'
"Thes roll o' leather 'pon the groun';
"Some cobbler sooart o' chap, I s'pooas,
"Ded lose et, as he onward goes ;
"Here, taake an' put un," thus he said,
"Upon the taester of our bed,
"An' ef the chap do come en here,
"We'll give et to un, iss, my dear."
Now, Mally knawed full well f'roal,
Et wor no leather roll at oal ;
So when Neck clembed the tember hill,
An' oal the house was quiet an' still,
She took the smaal portmantle down,
An' en et foun' three hunderd poun' !
Mal never slaipt, my dear, *that* night,
But schemed until the morning light,
An' en her mind detarmined she
That Neck should learn hes A B C :
So Mally to her ould man said,
As he an' she ded lie en bed,
"Now, Neck, thee'rt gittin' waik an' ould,
"An' as I've saaved a sight of gowld,
"To school, my dear, I'd have 'ee go,
"An' learn to spell your B, O, Bo,
"Fur larnin' es a lovely theng,
"An' maakes a poor man like a keng !"
So en the mornin' way Neck goes,

Prent out en oal hes Sunday clooas :
Aw ! how the cheldurn loffed, be sure,
When Neck comed en the schoolroom door ;
At denner time they joked un, you,
An' kicked up sech a hibbaloo,
That Neck got en a proper por,
An' never comed to school no more !
——A few days arter (so they say)
A young commercial comed that way,
An' axed ould Neck ef he'd a found
A black portmantle 'pon the groun' ?
"I b'lieve I ded," says Neck, "but yet
"Twas braave while sence, I mooast forgit ;
"But cummest long weth me, my dear,
"An' you shall have un, never fear :"
Then he an' Neck ded cross the moor,
An' comed to Mally's housen door,—
An' Necky cried, "Here, Mal, come down,
"A gen'leman be comed frum town
"To see the leather bag I foun'
"*The day afoore I went to school.*"
"*The day afoore thee'st went to school ?*"
The gen'leman replied,
"Why that wor fifty 'ear ago !"
An' off he queckly hied !
So Mal an' Neck, in paice an' aise,
Ded spend their laast remainin' days.

A Tight Knott.

SOME of my readers may, doubtless, be enabled to carry their minds back some forty or fifty years, and so recall the days when the guardians of the public peace in town and country were sober-minded, respectable householders, such as tradesmen, or small farmers, designated constables, approved and sworn in by resident magistrates, to watch over and protect persons and property in certain districts. After a time these constables were superseded by the police, who became a terror to evil doers in general, and small boys in particular.

The last of the old-fashioned and easy-going constables, of whom we have a vivid recollection, was a resident in the eastern division of the "West Countree."

The individual in question rejoiced in the name of Titus Knott Borlace. He was a little, undersized, blear-eyed looking being—a cross between the ferret and a fox—sly and stealthy in his movements, and withal sanctimonious to a *degree*, or rather to a "*hair*,"

for Titus Knott, invariably on removing his greasy hat, drew his hand reverently down over his iron-grey locks, whilst he ejaculated some expression, pious, or otherwise, as befitting time and place, for although Titus was a class leader, and a local, yet his duties (*of course*) often led him to frequent the public houses of his neighbourhood, when the oft-repeated "Praise the Lord" would be exchanged for a groan in recollection of the depravity of human nature in general, and of frequenters of taverns in particular!

On occasion of one of these visits, Titus met with a highly respected Mine Captain of the neighbourhood, who was in search of a quiet and trustworthy horse for his own use. On hearing of Captain Tregay's requirements, our friend at once informed him that he had an animal to dispose of, which he felt sure would suit him in every respect. Preliminaries were discussed over a glass of rum punch, and the captain promised to visit the constable, at his residence at Landjew Churchtown, on the following day. They met accordingly, and Captain Tregay being pleased with the general appearance of the horse, the following conversation took place touching the merits of the said animal:—

"Now, what aage do 'ee caal un, Knott?"

"Sex 'ear ould, Cap'n, nigh 'bout"

"Es a free frum vice an' gashly trecks?"

"Aw, my dear, as free as ever *I* be, Cap'n."

"Aw, soas" laughed the merry Captain, "now that's raather a poor shy, that es, Knott! but come now, an a draw?"

"Draw," said Knott, "aw, my dear, you'd be delighted ef you cud see un draw; *Charley* doan't look much, but he's a rale good un, Cap'n."

Upon this assurance the bargain was struck, the money paid over a second glass of punch, and Captain Tregay departed to his house at Pentier, well pleased with his purchase,—and behold him next day, riding to Wheal Anna, instead of "trapsing through the muck, an' ben mooast 'bout stagged."

We all know that one expense frequently leads to another, and so it was in Captain Tregay's establishment, for after a few days he informed his wife that he had purchased a little four-wheel trap to drive her to market, instead of subjecting her to the delay and inconvenience of the public van, the driver of which often "dipped his bill" rather too deeply for the comfort of his passengers. On the arrival of market day, *Charley* was harnessed into the new vehicle, Mrs. Tregay standing by (in all the pride of possession) with her basket on her arm, her face beaming with pleasure at the prospect of her three miles drive, but,—"*l'homme propose, Dieu dispose*,"—no sooner did *Charley* feel the weight of the carriage at his heels, than it began to *kick and plunge* to such a degree, that the bystanders *took fright*, and the Captain loosening his hold on the

reins, *Charley* bolted off down a steep hill at a furious pace, and when captured the four-wheel was in two parts, and the unhappy horse had both knees severely injured. Of course damages in full were demanded from Knott Borlace,—as Captain Tregay was informed, in reply to all his enquiries from outsiders, that *Charley never could* draw,—but all in vain! the little man loudly and piously protesting that he had never warranted the horse would go in harness. In consequence of this denial, Knott was summoned to appear in due course before the Judge of the Small Debts Court for false statements and breach of warranty regarding *Charley*.

“Your name, I believe, is Borlace?”

“Ess sure, yer honour, ess sure, ’tes zackly so, but ’tes *Knott* Borlace.”

“Borlace, and yet ’tis *not* Borlace! now, really, witness, I can scarcely understand that contradictory statement,” said the opposing lawyer, with a genial smile.

“’Tes true, yer honour, f’roal that, I can ’sure ’ee, b’lieve ut, or not b’lieve ut!” said the little constable somewhat pertly. Thereupon the man of law assumed a frowning aspect, as though he would partially annihilate poor little Knott, and exclaimed sternly:

“Come, come, my man, this will not do here, now give ’me your real name at once.”

“I’ve a towld ’ee waunce, yer honour, Zur, an’ I

caan't taake a new naame, s'poas, jes' fur to plaise other people: I be caalled Burlaace, but 'tes *Knott* Burlaace, as I said afoore."

"Really!" said the lawyer, looking around appealingly to the bench, "this is unbearable, you will be committed for contempt of court presently, witness."

"Caan't help ut, Zur, ef so be as how you do, I aan't got no wesh fur to tempt the court to nawthin' wrong, I'm sure, an' ef so be I shud ever come to be a babby agen, an' new sprenkled, I'll maake the gosseps gev me a new naame, ef 'tes so plaisin', but *now* I be Titus *Knott* Burlaace, an' noboddy else, an' I caan't see, sure 'nough, why you be so oncommon agen the naame my anchesturs gov' me."

"Against your name, man? why, I never saw such a dolt in my life! here you say you are called Borlace, and in the next breath you say you are called Titus, *not* Borlace; in the name of common sense, what are you called?"

"Why, my dear man, aan't I towld 'ee, doan't 'ee be so hurrisum like, an' I'll 'splain to 'ee ovver agen arter a bit,—caan't 'ee see, you'm right, an' I'm right, though f'roal we'm booath of us wrong, fur I be caaled Knott arter my mother, an' she wor a dafter to my ould graandfaather, Titus Knott, they used fur to caal ould Tite Knott, 'cause he wor so clooas-visted ovver hes money,—and I be caaled Titus, too."

"Keep to the matter in hand, witness, if you

please, we don't want any information respecting your grandfather or your grandmother either."

"Aw, my dear, I ax yer paardon, I thoft I wor maakin' ut oal plain fur 'ee to onderstan'; I do foinely wesh I dedn' have sech a gashly cumfoozled ould naame."

"Well, then, Mr. Titus Knott Borlace, having at length unravelled the intricacy of your christian name, suppose we proceed to further enquiry," said the lawyer, pleased with the feeble pun he had perpetrated. "You are here charged with having sold a certain horse on the 5th of November last, to Captain Tregay, of Wheal Anna, for the sum of £18, which horse you warranted to be sound in limb, free from vice, and, furthermore, you guaranteed (to use your own words) that the said horse "would draw beautifully."

"Aw, my dear!" said Knott in alarm, "I never said so, plaise sure I never ded, how cud I say so?"

"Then pray, what did you say? you appear to have a very convenient memory."

"I b'lieve yer honour, I said summut like thes here, that es, so fur fooath as I can caal to mind future thengs what's gone an' ovver,—I said, Cap'n Will, you'd be delighted ef you *cud* see un draw!"

"Just so, witness."

"Iss, iss, my dear man, but hoosh, a mite a while, I aan't done yet what I wor tellin',—you caught me up too queck,—I said like thes here—I said, Cap'n

Will, you'd be delighted ef you *cul* see un draw,—for," said the little man, with a cunning leer, "'tween you an' me an' the stoanin' pooast, 'twor what *I'd never seed un do !*"

This unexpected avowal on the part of Knott was received in court by shouts of laughter, in which the defendant joined, but a change soon came o'er the spirit of his dream, when he found he had to refund the money and pay all damages ; nor did the little man's troubles end here. Certain parties immediately made it their business to seek an opportunity in which to pay off Knott in some of his own base coin, nor was it long ere one presented itself.

Captain Tregay was the Manager of Wheal Anna iron mine, situated in the same village wherein resided the little Constable, and the Captain was so much beloved by the men on the work, that they invariably made *his* quarrels *theirs*, and were never backward in repaying anyone who attempted to defraud or overreach their Captain.

When, then, it became noised abroad that Knott had left the Court in a very dejected state of mind, the miners of Wheal Anna arranged among themselves to play off a few practical jokes on the little man. Watch was kept, and on an early day the doomed wretch was seen to approach the mine decidedly "tight ;" and at that state known as "comforbul," he ~~made his corkscrew~~ way to the 'counthouse, (hoping to

be enabled to work on the sympathy of "Cap'n Will") and being pay day was there induced to imbibe a glass of gin toddy, so that when he returned to the fresh air, he was "screwed up" to an exceedingly "tight" point indeed, so much so, that after sundry nods and winks amongst the men, they seized the rambling Knott, as he pursued his devious way, placed him in a kibble, and slowly, amongst groaning cranks and rattling chains, lowered him into the bowels of the gloomy earth.

Down, down, he went, hundreds of feet, and at last (ere he had scarcely recovered from his dismay) arrived at a dark landing place, dimly and drearily illuminated, into darkness made more visible by a few tallow candles, which faintly exhibited partially naked, gaunt figures, with heavy eyes, and cheeks stained a dull red colour—unearthly looking beings at the best; truly might the wretched inebriate have imagined that he had reached the first stage of Bunyan's Bottomless Pit, but his brain was as yet in too wavy a condition for *thought*. For a time, fear held him tongue-tied, and his spirit sank within him, in spite of his draughts of alcohol. At length he exclaimed, with chattering teeth and trembling knees:—

"Aw, my, aw! wherever be I? Be I 'pon airth, or be I en the Bottomless Pit sure 'nough, spaik somebody do 'ee, es there nobody here?"

Thereupon some of the men in the shaft, who had previously received instruction, came forward in their iron-stained clothes, and in dismally sepulchral tones, cried out,—

“Who be ’ee? where ded ’ee come frum? spaik afoore we do seize ’pon ’ee an’ drag ’ee ’way further!”

“Aw, Zur,” said the trembling Knott, “plaise Zur, when I wor ’pon airth, I wor a constable, an’ a local; but now I be here, I s’pooas I be like the rest of ’ee, I s’pooas I be a evel sperret; but, aw, Zur, I’ll be anytheng whatever you plaise, ef so be as how you’ll laive me out of thes wisht ould desmal plaace.”

“Lev ’ee out, sonny? not ef we do knaw ut; ‘*saafe bind, saafe find*,’ good bye to oal, my dear, when waunce you do come here; you’ve nort to do now, soas, but to reckon up oal yer ’nickities, what you’ve a done, an’ what you’ve a laived ondone.”

“Aw, Zur, I’ll tell ’ee oal whatsomdever I ded, I will, plaise sure, I will!” (groan).

“Now, then, out weth et, ould desait, an’ mind ef you tell a lie ’twill be oal the wuss for ’ee; we do knaw, mun, ef you be tellin’ lies.”

“Well, Zur,—(moan)—I’ve tail-piped dogs, an’ waun runned ’ginst Tommy Pill, an’ brok’d hes leg. I’ve rubbed birds’ nestes, stick’d pins in buzzes, an’ shaaved a dunkey. I’ve stoaled turmuts, an’ rubbed *horchirds* an’ hins’ nestes, scoores of times. I’ve put *tarpendine* ’pon dogs’ tails an’ catched um a fire, an’

dedn' 'em howl; aw, Zur sperret, now I'm down here, you waan't put bremstooan 'pon *mine*, an catch un a fire, will 'ee?—(groan)—ef you ded, what *shud* I do?—(groan). Aw, what my sins have broft me to—(groan, groan). I catched a cock, an' pulled out oal hes feathers, an' left un go, an' oal the fowls runned arter un an' pecked hes eyes out. I've unhangd gaates, an' left the cattle stray. I've tied two cats by their tails an' thrawed um 'cross a gaate, an' they tored theerselves to rags. I drov Dio (Dionysius) Wearne's hoss ovver cleff, an' brok'd hes legs, 'cause he said I trapped hes haares an' rabbuts; an so I ded, but I swored I dedn't. I went coortin' a passel of wemmen, an' towld 'em hunderds of lies, an' said I loved 'em oal: two brok'd their hearts, waun went maazed, an' waun thrawed herself down a shaft, an' wor killed;—(groan)—aw, Zur, doan't laive her come nist me ef she's here.—(groan). Aw, Zur, laive me go thes waunce, an' I'll never do sech gashly thengs no more—(groan). Aw, dear maaster sperret, doan't 'ee keep me here no longer, for I'm a poor horfant, an' got no faather nor mawther to cleng to. I'm a wecked man I knaw, but there be hunderds wuss than I be. Aw, doan't 'ee keep me here en thes bremstooany plaace:—(groan)—aw, how hot et es!—(groan, groan). Ef, Zur, you'll forgev me thes here time, I'll never deaive, nor tell lies, nor chait, nor pooach, nor 'buse my naabours, nor maake b'lieve to be pious, no more\

How long, Zur, have I ben here en thes wisht an' desmal plaace? must be braave long time. Aw! look! why that es Nickey Daw ovver there, an' I baan't haaf nor quaafter so bad as he, for he wor hanged for killin' hes mawther, nigh 'pon thirty 'ear agone, an' I never killed nobody but a cat, an' that I'm sorry for, I are, Zur, sure 'nough. Aw, Zur, ef you'm the maaster, like, do 'ee lev me have a mite o' air to braithy, I be feerly jest chucked, an' oal tesick'd en my chess' an' throt"—(groan).

"Wisht an' bad be 'ee? reckon you'll be wuss afoore you'm better, mun."

"Aw my, aw dear," groaned the wretched, half-screwed little man, "I s'pooas I be a evel sperret like the rest of 'ee."

"Howld yer paice, you higgut," said the chief speaker, "an' be thenkful you've got sech a lodgment arter oal yer gashly rooadlin' ways up above: wonder you'm so peart as you be!"

And then the sad salt tears streamed over Knott's besmeared cheeks, and as he rocked himself to and fro, he thus apostrophized his neglected spouse, "Nancy"—

"Aw, Nancy, aw, my dear ould 'ummun, I weshed I'd took'd thy device afoore I got ento thaise here contraary like dooings what have broft me down here ento thes desmal plaace!"

"Ess, ess," said the chief speaker, "we do knaw oal 'bout 'ee, sonny; our little tellectrom's a workin'

night an' day, an' we do know what you've a ben arter, my dear, mooast afoore you've a don'd et; we knowed when you wor en chapel ovver to Bethal, axin' fur to have yer good thofts multiplied like grasshoppers, or flais, or some sech cretturs; aw, soas, you needn't fur to turn up the whites of yer eyes, an' look so thurl; you dedn't thenk, ould chap, we seed 'ee when you wor restin' 'pon Belzebob's boozum, you wor so happy; iss, sure, I reckon he've a got 'ee tight 'nough now, ould booy! 'tes well-a-fine fur 'ee to try to consaive the vokes up there 'pon airth, but you caan't consaive we."

"Aw, Zur," sighed Knott, "do 'ee spaare my feelings a mite, I've a seed a sight of trouble waun way an' 'nother, 'ticklar en married life. I weshed as how I'd kep the loo side of ut, iss I do; oal the purty bloom do wear off frum the plum braave and queck. I traapesed through the world a longful time a widder man, an' arter oal pecked up weth a oncommon crooked steck: my Nancy comed of a braavish havage, but she's that hurrysome 'pon times, an' do maake sech a sturrage an' strammin', drashing thengs oal to scats an' jowds, en sech a stewer. Waun day I awnly said the tay wor sloppy traade, an' aw, my dear! ef she dedn't flox tay desh an' tay pot right ovver me; tell 'bout cat and dog life, you shud see the fur fly when Nancy do sclaw me, Zur! aw, what troubles I've a had to be sure," sighed Knott.

"Iss, iss, an' you'll see more yet, Knott, sonny, afoore long, I blaw; though simmin' to me, you married people dedn't oft fur to have any *great* trouble; *their* troubles oft fur to be nort but *lit'le wauns*." After this bit of underground wit, the uncanny creature roared out, "Grooan 'way, ould booay, thenk ovver yer 'nickities!"

"Aw, Zur," sighed Knott, "ef so be as how you be a man, an' no evel sperret, do 'ee gev us summit to clunky, fur I be mooast 'bout chucked long weth the pillum; my droat es so dry an' rough as a slooany pasty."

"Waant mait an' drenk down here, soas, do 'ee? Do 'ee 'spect leeky stew, or squab pie, or turmut pasty, sonny? Feerly ravonesh en yer stummic, be 'ee? Iss, you'm lookin' wisht an' thurl, sure 'nough; en a braavish sweat, too, baan't 'ee, Knott? Had a jerrick comin' down here, hadn't 'ee my dear?"

"Aw, Zur, doan't 'ee be so hard 'pon me, I'll be better ef you'll forgev me.

"How long, Zur, do 'ee 'spect I shall be here?" said Knott, meekly.

"Howld yer paice, man; why, 'tes jest 'bout so aisy fur a cow to caavey top of a church steeple, or en a elm tree, as fur thee to 'tempt to git 'way frum here; nobody caan't hear 'ee, nur see 'ee, man, ef you wor to screech like a whitneck: so ax no more queshuns: *you'm a braave pump*, Knott, but a whisht poor *sucker!*"

"I'll do oal to please 'ee, Zur; you do know I be meek an' humble, doan't 'ee, Zur?"

"Meek an' humble, Knott? never knawed et; must have ben afoore you wor borned ef you wor, I blaw. Now, what do 'ee thenk of ut oal, Knott, dedn't 'spect to hear thes, I'll waage? Aw, you needn't fur to look so innycent as a new-born'd babby, or a anjul wethout wengs: doan't 'ee wriggle so, my dear, you'm fur oal the wurl' like a tooad 'pon a bank of emmets."

"Aw!" groaned Knott, "spaaare me, Zur, do 'ee; you'm faerly turnin' me back afoore, as the sayin' es. Aw, Nancy, aw, my dear wife!"

"Howld yer noise 'bout Nancy; how ded 'ee sarve Nancy when you wor 'pon airth long weth her? Why, you mooast 'bout maade her maazed an' bewattled long weth yer gashly ways. Do 'ee mind when you missed her waun time, an' her naabours said she wor gone to drown herself? What ded you do? Why you traapesed 'way up to *top* of Long Stream Rever fur to look fur her poor body, ringin' yer hands, an' cryin' out, 'Aw, my dear Nancy, come back, come back,' like a galeny cock; an' when Jacob Knight axed of 'ee ef you wor tooatlish, goin' *up stream* to look fur the body, what ded 'ee say?—No, no, I baan't toatlish, thee dessen't know my Nancy so well as I do; she'd be *saafe to go right agen the stream* ef she's a drowned herself, she's *that contraary!*' Putty theng *that* to say of the wife of yer boozom, howsomdever *cantankerous* she might be; I shud be 'shaamed, I

shud, sure 'nough. But hush, hush, sonny, harkee, doan't 'ee spaik; do 'ee hear thickey rattlin'? I'll waage 'tes a *tellecrum* for me to 'tend to. Iss, 'tes, an' a braave wurdy job 'tes, too! so I must laive 'ee, my dear, fur a mite a while, doan't 'ee be feared, man, keep up yer sperrets, I may be a power spur, say over yer commandments, sonny, 'twill comfort 'ee en yer whishtness; good night, my dear."

After sundry piteous groans, and touching exclamations from the wretched Knott, he at length fell into an uneasy doze, which soon ended in sonorous sounds of snoring, at which time the men in the shaft deemed it safe to hoist the melancholy little man up to terra firma. This was accomplished with little difficulty, and Knott, who, after a brief space, became restless on hearing the creaking and rattling of chains, was easily soothed to slumber by the assurance that it was "only the *tellecrum* working weth messages."

No sooner did Knott set foot on the surface of the mine, than, by a pre-ranged plan, he was assailed by a sudden discharge of rotten turnips, eggs, flour, and soot, so that by the time he reached his home his "spouse Nancy" could *not* persuade herself that the dilapidated and tangled *Knott* before her was *not* some other *Knott* than her *Knott*.

A Dark Deed, or, an Unexpected Greeting.*

“ I’LL tell ’ee what, ould turmut-skull,
Theest needn’t glaaze and glow,
I waan’t gev up tha Hoss, I waan’t,
So ’pon thy bargain chow.

“ We swopt un feer, as you do knaw,
Iss, swopt un Hoss fur Hoss,
Ef you’ve been ‘*green*’ doan’t look so ‘*black*,’
Fur you mus’ stan’ tha loss.”

Such were the *words* Tom Sobey spoke
To neighbour Richard Keast,
With angry look, and action fierce,
Or such the *sense*, at least.

The case stood thus : some days before
This worthy pair agreed,
And changed their horses, that is “swopt,”
To suit each others need.

• A true tale which recently happened not ten miles from
Scorrier.

When Richard tried the Horse, he said,
"He edn't wuth a snoff;
Besides he's waik, an' foomed to lain
Agen tha hadge to coff."

So off went Dick to visit Tom,
An' anger seized the twain,
And Dick declared that very night
He'd have the Horse again.

Now Richard was a mighty man
To wrestle or to fight,
And Tom knew well, in such a case,
That "might is more than right."

So he resolved to take a club,
Adorn'd with many a boss,
And in the stable shut himself
To guard his "preshus Hoss."

Whilst there, the darkling shades of night
Began to fall apace,
And Tom grew weary standing up
"En sech a whisht ould plaace."

At last he got a "happy thought,"
"I waan't stan' here no mooar,
I'll jump athurt tha Hosse's back,
An' faace tha staable dooar."

Whilst seated there as sentinel,
How long each minute seems,
And so at last our hero sank
Into the "land of dreams."

When suddenly there came a crash
That roused him up from sleep,
And slowly thro' the open door
He saw a figure creep.

Then, noiselessly, Tom rais'd his arm,
And "drashed" his club about,
"Taaake that!" said he, "an' that!! an' that!!
Thee gaate ould gashly lout.

"What! stail my Hoss! I'll lev 'ee know;
What! stail my Hoss! I'll tell 'ee,
I'll mash thy ratten *turmut'-ead*
Ento a *Orange-jelly*!

"I'll scat thy nuddick oal athurt,
An' craim 'ee lemb frum lemb,
An' knack 'ee purlin' droo tha dooar
Jus' like a fire-whem!

"I'll larn 'ee manners, iss I will,
Wethout tha exter pay;
Taaake that! an' that!! 'tes practicul,
A new an' *strikin'* way.

"Hast had enuff? Taake *that* fur luck,
Hoss stailin' es no lark,
I rekkon by to-morra night
Thee'lt be a '*man o' mark*!'

"What, wust'na spaik! taake that! an' that!!"
But still came no reply,
Only a groan of mortal pain,
An agonising cry.

At hearing such appalling sounds,
Tom trembled with affright,
And hurried off, at double quick,
For lantern and for light.

With rapid strides he soon returned
To view the scene of strife,
And found, *alas*! not Richard Keast,
But yet, A LASS! his Wife!!

For *she*, kind-hearted soul, had brought
Her husband's "croust" across,
Whom *he* mistook for Richard Keast,
Come back to "stail the Hoss?"

Ere many days the news got wind,
And gossips tongues ran glib,
But Tom declared "et edn't true!
I awnly drash'd my Rib!"

A moral every story bears,
And *here* the moral, this is,
Altho' a man may "*Miss his Mark,*"
He should not "*Mark his Missis !*"

Michael Tozer, or, an old story in a new garb.

MICHAEL TOZER, or, "Hop-an'-go-waun," as he was called by his "cumraades," on account of his having one leg shorter than the other, was Jack of all Trades, and Master of none—to use his own expression, he had "seed a passle o' ups an' downs en es day." Mike was the "odd man" of the village; all jobs, no matter what, fell into his net, so that as years advanced he became tolerably independent. He was also the oracle and wise man of the place, and the referee on all disputed points—no matter what the question was, Mike would decide it—be it the age at which "a cheeld shud be wained," or any other delicate "domestic matter." He could prescribe for "Un Jenny Dyer's rhumaticks," or "Unkle Joe's bad leg"—put a "scute 'pon Necky Thomas' shoe"—or "'nocolate a babby." He had a small shop, or rather *shed*, built at the end of his house, from whence such *remarks as the following* might constantly be heard:—

“‘Michael! mawthur do waant ’ee to put new wend ento her billies.’

“Tell yer mawthur, Sam, I bean’t goin’ to put no more wend in hur billies till she’ve a squar’d off that there tuppence she do awe me fur tha petch an’ clath I put ’pon hur putcher laast week.”

“Well, Liz Prout! s’poas you do want to be tapp’d, or summut! Now, tell yer mawthur, long weth thes job, she’ll awe me dree shillin’, an’ I caan’t ’foard to lost ut, I caan’t; I shall be fooc’d to coort hur, ef she doan’t pay to waunce!”

Liz had a notion that “coortin’ mawthur” (who was a widder) meant Hop-an-go-waun being hur faathur-law, so she went off en poarish sperets!

Mike could “fire a hoss,” “drunch a cow,” “datch a reck,” “maake petch pills for Azma,” “shaave, an’ cut hair,” “draw teeth,” or do anytheng moast ’pon a foach, “ceps wet nuss.” He was a great authority on all Parish matters, and a due attendant at Church, where he often acted both as Clerk and Beadle, when required. Once when engaged in the former capacity he astonished the Rector by reading from the Psalms for the day, that “the *hatters* of the Loard were oal liards;”—and in the absence of the Beadle, Michael lifted his stick from time to time to intimidate restless and mischievous boys, and one day crept out of his pew with upraised arm ready to inflict *chastisement*, when by a singular coincidence, the

preacher in a loud voice uttered the words—"And he shall be beaten with many stripes," suiting his action to the words, Michael belaboured the poor boys to the wonder of the congregation, and to the annoyance of the Parson.

Mike's home was in the midst of mines, and thinking "he ded know tin," he laid out his savings in buying shares in several. Constant Meetings, with the attendant "'Count-house denner, an' rum punch artur," were then the order of the day, of which he invariably availed himself, and being utterly selfish, and stingy, would leave his wife to enjoy "Saalt Pelchards, or Lickey Stew," but Rachel always "sarved un out," she "know'd es gashly ould ways," and often called together her friends to partake of "good heavy caake an' currans, appul pasty an' craim, strong tay an' loaf shugar, weth a drap out of a black bottel jus' fur to kaip the wend off their stummicks," when he attended the said Meetings.

At one of these Mine Meetings, as soon as the cloth was removed, "Mr. Michael Tozer" was called on for "a song." "Now," sais Mike, "I caan't seng, my dears, no more thun a Dunkey can set 'pon a rain-baw, but I'll tell 'ee a story what my faathur tould me when I wor a booy, an' I know 'tes true!"

Cries of "Hear, Hear," and "Order," were heard *on all sides* "for

Mr. Tozer's Story."

"**N**OW, what I be gain to tell 'ee, cumraades, es a true tale; 'tes 'bout tha Passun of the parish where my faathur lev'd, nigh 'pon seven miles from Truraw. Well, Passun wor a graate hand for ould fashion'd thengs, an' wor all'ays 'pon tha sarch fur anticks an' coorositys, o' waun kind an' t'other. He had a chaamber purpos fur sech thengs, caal'd a Mooseum, an' he had a purty passle o' ould truck an' traade, en cubbords, an shilfs; anchunt books, ould manescrips en pen an' ink, picturs, an' ould pieces o' money back en tha time o' Gustus Sezer, what we do rade 'bout en tha Tes'ament; an' pots an' jars maade o' ould yallow cloam, fur Passun wor what larned men do call a Antiqueerun, all'ays poken' 'bout en holes an' corndurs, sarchin' fur summit anchunt.

"He wor a dear, good man, an' faather lov'd un, shure nuff, an' whatever he took'd a fancy to 'pon their dressers or chembly pieces, fokes wud gev ut to un—iss, they'd 'ave gov'd tha teeth out o' their heads, they wud—chack wauns an' oal—ef so be he'd be fancicul to 'em !

"Well, waun whisht, misty, 'liggy day, wentur time, Passun went fur to see a poor widder wumman, left long weth fower smaall cheldurn, an' hur husban' berrid en tha ovverburden what faal'd 'way down to *Well Anna Mine*; an' as he wor lookin' roun' tha

house, he seed a laarge Crock 'pon tha fire, 'caase she wor bilin' taties fur supper. When Martha Dawe (that wor hur husban's naame, you mus' knaw) seed Passun stiddy glaazin' 'pon tha Pot, she sais, sais she, 'Be 'ee fancicul o' thecky Crock, yer honor?' 'Iss, Missus Dawe, I be, 'tes a bootiful shaape theng, 'tes!' So she up to waunce an' turned out tha taties, wiped tha Pot out clane, an' axed Passun to excep' of un ef he wor so plaisin'! Then he view'd un ovver sum, a braave while, an' took a knife an' scrap'd 'way tha smut an' sut, an' there he seed some figgurs 'pon un, an' some queer ould marks, but he cudn't cifer um out oal to waunce. He wor sum plased, an' rubb'd es hands, an' sais he, 'Thes 'ear Crock 'ave a lost waun leg, but he's a rale booty f'roal that, Martha, 'tes a propur prize shure 'nuff, an' a vallybal theng fur my Mooseum; he mus' be nigh 'pon dree hunderd years ould, Mrs. Dawe, ef he's a day!' 'Bless us well,' sais she, 'an' awnly to thenk that we dedn't knaw es vally; aw, Sir, eddicashun es a bootiful theng!' 'Iss, Martha, an' tedn't fur us to say that Queen 'Lizbeth hurself dedn't ait tha fust taties that com'd to Englant boiled en thes 'eer Crock!' 'Dear me! Sir, whoever wud 'ave thoft ut! Aw, you've a got dectionary larnin' to yer fingers ends, as may say!'

"Well, artur a mite more taalk weth tha widder, . off trapes'd Passun, Crock en hand ('twor too preschus to lev behind un), but artur a bit, he got fertaagued *an' oal lurged*, an' thoft 'twadn't zackly fitty ways, or

purty, for a Passun to car a Pot like any goabout tinker, so he lev'd tha ould coachin' rooad an' turn'd en 'pon tha downses—an' sais he, to hisself, sais he, "Tes fine an' cloas an' liggy wethur, seemin' to me, I've a braave mind to put un 'pon my head, an' car my hat.' Well, thes here derangement plased un uncommun, an' he trudg'd long cumpearin' *hissself* to a anchunt sojar, an' tha *Pot* to a helmut, my dears! He wor sum proud of es head-gear, he wor.

"Passun, you mus' knaw, wor a long-favour'd man, weth a terribul long nawse—he wor gain long sum coose, when he stank'd 'pon the moar of a fuz bush, an' gov'd hisself sech a jerrick, that the Crock went clane ovver es faace, nawse an' oal, rite down 'pon es shoulders, an' he cudn't move ut, so there et stick'd like a flay en a glue pot!

What cud a do? He thoft 'pon Scriptur, an' en es whishtness ax'd tha Loard to aise es shoulder frum tha burdun, an' to delever un from tha Pot; but there et stick'd so tight as cobbler's wex. He bested what to do, feelin' oal so waik, an' thurl, wantin' es desh o' tay, so he petch'd to run, but as he cudn't see nort afore un, he went flop ento a plosch o' slimy waater, an' com'd out drippin', an' green as a lick, en sum shaape he wor, as you may s'poas—then he chowed 'pon ut a mite, an' thoft he'd caal out, an' so he ded, tell es droat an' ousel-pipe got so ruff as a sloan, an' es vooice wor farely like a vumper fur sound, moast 'bout maade un shevver.

"Poor dear! he dedn't know where to go, nor wichee coorse to steer, an' tha sweat wor runnin' ovver es chacks, onder tha Crock, like graavy frum a speer-reb of pork when you be rooastin' of un. He knawed he mus' kaip strite on, but how to do ut he dedn't know, so he wor en sum por, he wor.

"Well! he kaipt on kaiping on, when oal 'pon suddent he drash'd up agen a heap o' stooans, an' gov'd hissself an' tha Pot sum gashly skurr; he thoft he wor properly quench'd, he ded.

"Aw!" he groan'd, 'ef I'd awnly brok'd tha Crock. Aw! ef I cud mit long weth some night core men going to mine. Massy me! I be jus' maaz'd, an' 'tes comin' domb, 'tes!'

"Then he thoft he'd set down an' lev thengs taake there corse, but f'roal he dedn't like to thenk o' twelve of hes awn peepul settin' 'pon es dead body, an' tha foarman gevin' a vardic o' 'Accedental Death in a Pot,' that wor too whisht! So he got up an' was off waunce more, tho' waik an' frail, an' he hadn't gone two staps, foar he catch'd es foot en a rabbut's berry, an' faall'd sum fooce agen a pook o' turves.

"Aw," sais he, 'never no more! never no more will I car any Pots, 'ceps my awn—thes illconvanient shaape theng es a buster, an' no mistaake. Aw! ef so be as I cud hear a human vooice, what wud I gev, or *feel any levin' theng*, ef 'twor but a hedgaboar or *a dumbledory!*'

“‘Jus’ then, Passun heerd summit like a brethin’—‘et must be a levin’ theng,’ says he, an’ no soonder had he sed ut, then he com’d athurt a Dunkey lyin’ en es rooad. ‘Aw!’ sais he, ‘you’m welcom, Ned, gev us yer tail, do’ee, ‘an’ Passun took un an’ hould on fur dear life. Ned turn’d es head an’ look’d ‘pon tha Crock—smill’d taties, s’poas—an’ set up sech a brayin’! an’ then ‘way he gallop’d, ovver turves, an’ fuz, an’ moars, an’ stooans, ‘tell Passun’s wend wor farely knack’d out of un; so he lev’d go tha Dunkey, an’ stopp’d to hould on by a d’rection poast, what dedn’t point to nowhears, an’ to brethy a mite.

“At laast he heerd a sound what cheer’d un up. ‘Aw!’tes the Smithy!’tes—I can hear Bob Varker’s hammer ringin’ ‘pon tha Anvel; Aw! that’s bootiful moosic! bettur thun any o’ our sengers!’ He then follered tha sound, an’ artur many a thump an’ bump, got ento tha rooadway, an’ knaw’d he wor en the rite corse fur help.

“As Passun com’d nigh tha smithy door, waun of tha young chaps what wor hangin’ ‘bout, caal’d out to tha smith, ‘Look out, Bob Varker! heer’s a gashly theng comin’ long;’ another said, ‘‘Tes nort but a Volunteer Man!’ But when Passun caal’d ‘help, help,’ en a unearthly vooice, they oal glaaz’d ‘pon hes Taty-Pot Hat, an’ seein’ tha two Horns, yelled out, ‘‘Tes tha Devel!’ ‘Tes tha Devel! we seed es Horns an’ ‘tes black as a ravven?’

"'Pon that, they shut, sum coose, bang through tha smithy wender !

" Bob wor en mortal fear, but stud like a man, an' sed, 'Ef so be as 'tes ould scratch, I'll knaw tha rason why he's come to grass.' So he ax'd what wor es plesshur ! Tha awnly aanswer wor, 'Can he taake off thes here Pot, Bob ?' Tha smith tould tha man to set 'pon tha anvel, but he cudn't sheft tha theng a bit, 'twor like a lempet 'pon a rock—tha nawse an' ears, wor en tha way. He turn'd tha Pot back-a-foar, an' foar-an'-back, but no good, so sais he,—'Whoever be 'ee ? an' how ded 'ee git ento thes here shaape ? I caan't do nort fur 'ee but knack un off weth my foar hammer ; you'm a purty tottle to car sech thengs 'pon yer head, whoever you be. Well ! be I to scat to un, or b'aint I ?' Thes wadn't purty to hear, my dears, now was ut ? but Passun put down hes head 'pon Bob's anvil like a lamb, an' artur dree or fower knacks, off fall'd tha Crock, an' tha smith wor propurly skeer'd fur to see tha faace o' hes worthy Vicar—who maade un onnerstan' to waunce, what a whisht plaace he'd ben en, an' how he com'd to 'ave sech a *Hard Hat*, 'pon sech a *Saافت Head*."

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